

My Sub (Pt. 2: The Jackin')

Big K.R.I.T.

I still got my sub hoe (hoe)
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I still let my trunk knock till the tape pop My rims chop-
chop while the base drop

(Nigga wut?)
Cut up my vein, gotta shook up my stars
(Nigga wut?) (Shook up the stars)
I'm gonna cut up my vein, gotta shook up my stars (Nigga wut?)
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Yo cause I'm back again, old school and I'm backin' out
Cause the boss still rep that, grip that
Hit the bass and I'm actin' out
On the after bath you stackin' clouds
Shoppin' what they ask about
In the parkin' lot deep when the whole world sleep
All night in my seat 'til I'm passin' out
Gotta keep my eyes open cause I hear that fire scopin'
From the car with the pants off and the cha cha belt so I drive slowly
Fuckin' bangin' a bad wood like a left shoe, with the lights, we go ten
Stopped at the gas station for a bag of chips
A bag of chips and some peppermints
Just to freshen up
Tried to say she can't afford
But we gotta make a move cause it's after 2
And her man is the type of bull, she fightin' 'I'm but I ain't though
Now she wonder what she came for
But I ain't trippin' no place, I ain't even gonna flip
Over none a nigga bitch, move over to the next

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Jammin' on that drawer flow
King Kong's in my trunk, in a fight with thumb, better lick my sore throat
Shorty in the front seat but see that can't hide full
She ain't worried 'bout her man no more
Hell, hell not a jiddy hoe that may never slam no doors
I thought I saw some light but I'm trippin'
I got a birthday riffle, I miss it
I hear the super 8 cause she super late and she know the way and I did
All in my view, have no feel, says she wanna fuck with me
Well, I told 'er that's all good while she broke my wood but a pimp don't fuck her booty
She left to answer her phone, I swear it's 3 in the morn'
Like who could that be, she looked at me like he won't leave me alone
But it's a damn shame, he don't know my name and I ain't got no time to choke throats
At least just get in room and do what we do and be about your thing until 4

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Yo Shawty, just lock my door and get out
Alright baby, I got you
Aye Wally, what's good boy?
You always on your phone
Boy, I'm at this Super 8 right across the street from where you live at boy
That's what it is man
Yeah man, this shit bout to go down man, shawty bad as fuck
Aye man, Just be careful out there man
Yea I'm play it safe man, Don't worry bout it man. For real, I got you. Aye aye hold on
Boom, motherfucker
I thought ya'll said ya'll wasn't gone hurt him
Bitch, shut the fuck up
Open the trunk. Let's get this motherfucker sub

Last night my DJ saved my life
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My life, my life